You

Ballad

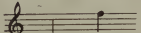
WORDS AND MUSIC BY

Alfred G. Robyn.

SOPRANO IN D♭

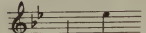
Voice & Piano. . . . 50
Voice, Violin & Piano.. 60
Voice, Cornet & Piano. 60

MEZZO SOP. IN C



Voice & Piano. 50
Voice, Violin & Piano. .60
Voice, Flute & Piano. .60
Voice, Cornet & Piano. 60

ALTO OR BASS IN B♭



Voice & Piano. 50
Voice, Cello & Piano. . . 60
Voice, Cornet & Piano... 60
Voice, Violin & Piano. . . 60

Guitar Song 40¢ . Brilliant Piano Transcription 75¢
Full Orchestra Arrangement for Mez. Sop. 50

THIEBES-STIERLIN MUSIC CO.
THE PIANO & MUSIC HOUSE OF ST LOUIS.

YOU.

BALLAD.

Words by Mrs. H. D. PITTMAN.
German translation by Mr. O. F. Baerens.

Music by ALFRED G. ROBYN.

Note: Also published for Soprano or Tenor (D♭) or Mez. Sop. (C.)

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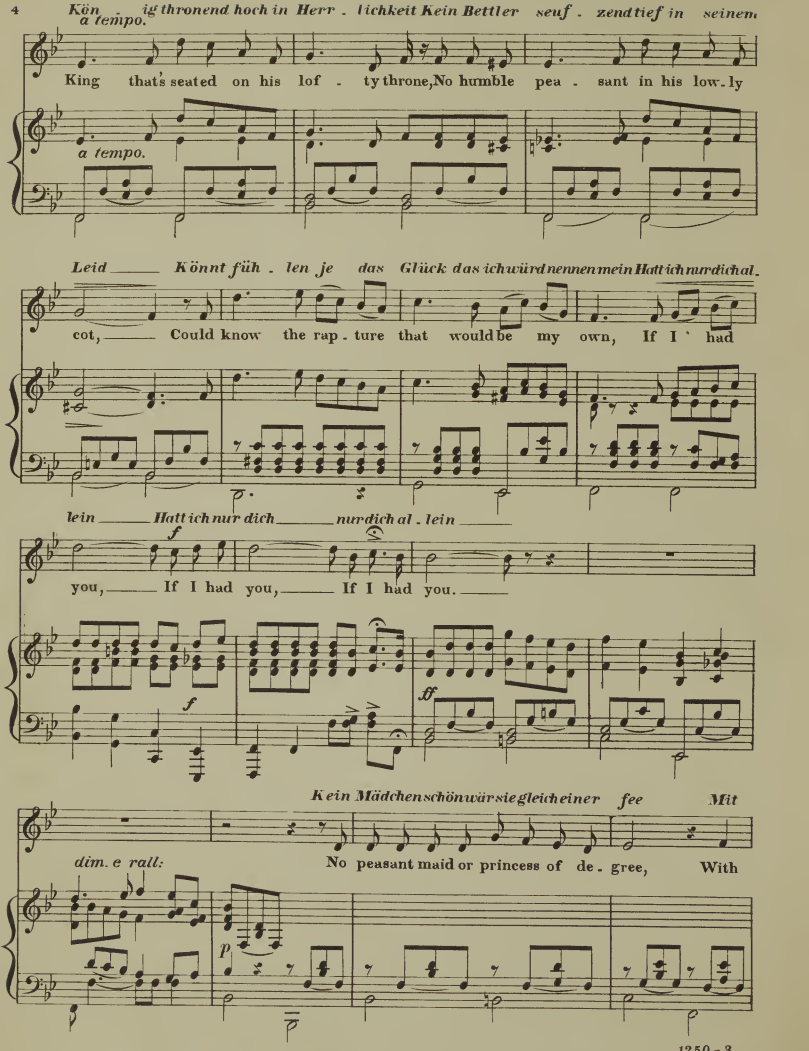
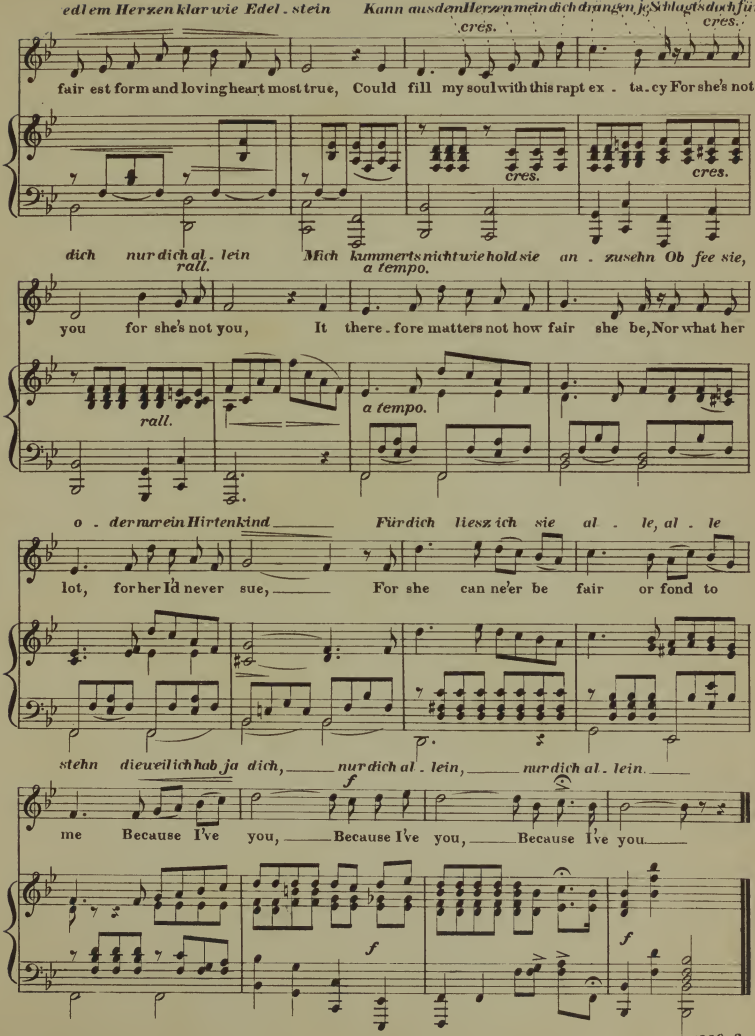

Kön ig thronend hoch in Herr . lichkeit Kein Bettler seuf . zend tief in seinem
a tempo.
King that's seated on his lof - ty throne, No humble pea - sant in his low-ly
a tempo.
Leid Könnt füh . len je das Glück das ich würd nennen mein Hatt ich nur dich al .
cot, Could know the rap - ture that would be my own, If I had
lein Hatt ich nur dich nur dich al . lein
f
you, If I had you, If I had you.
f
ff
Kein Mädchen schön wär sie gleich einer fee Mit
dim. e rall:
No peasant maid or princess of de - gree, With
p

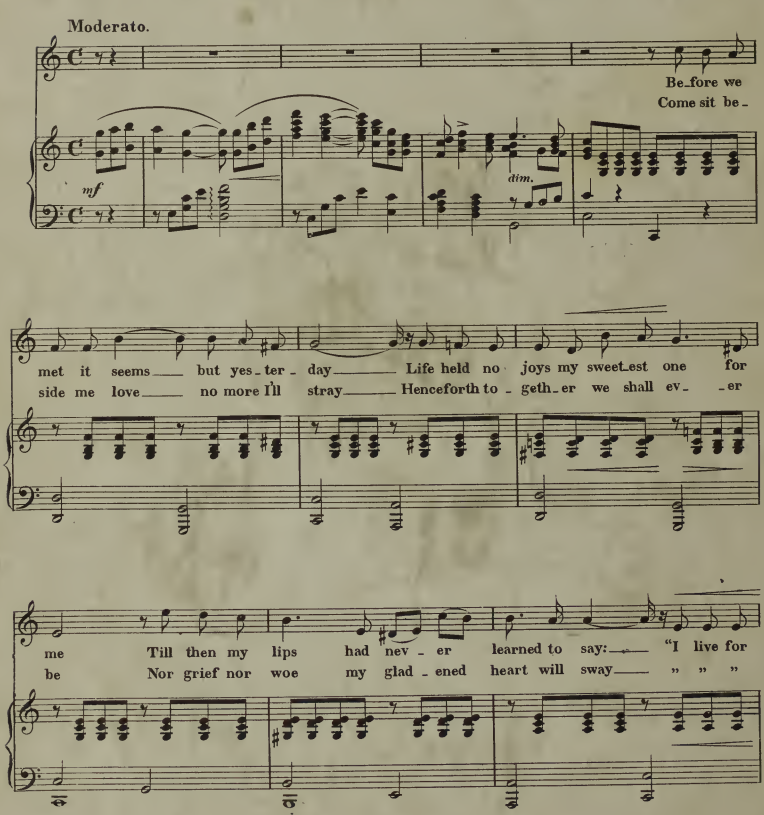

edlem Herzen klar wie Edel . stein
Kann aus dem Herzen mir dich drangen je, Schlägt's dich für
cres.
cres.
fair est form and loving heart most true, Could fill my soul with this rapt ex . ta . cy For she's not
cres.
cres.
dich nur dich al . lein
Mich kümmerts nicht wie hold sie an . zusehn Ob fee sie,
rall.
a tempo.
you for she's not you, It there . fore matters not how fair she be, Nor what her
rall.
a tempo.
o . der nur ein Hirtenkind
Für dich liesz ich sie al . le, al . le
lot, for her I'd never sue,
For she can ne'er be fair or fond to
stehn die weil ich hab ja dich, nur dich al . lein, nur dich al . lein.
f
me Because I've you, Because I've you, Because I've you
f
f

Try this on your Piano.

TOGETHER.

BALLAD.

Words by WM H. LEPÈRE. *Music by ALFRED G. ROBYN.*


Moderato.
Be_fore we
Come sit be_
mf
dim.
met it seems but yes_ter_day Life held no joys my sweet_est one for
side me love no more I'll stray Henceforth to_geth_er we shall ev_er
me Till then my lips had nev_er learned to say: "I live for
be Nor grief nor woe my glad_ened heart will sway " " "

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